

Spirit of the Age.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS
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BY REV. JOEL W. TUCKER.

How appropriate the occasion for the citizens of this place, and the members of Theophilus Division, No. 57, to make a public declaration of their determination to free themselves from the slavery and bondage of intemperance. In order to influence you thus to act, we will proceed to call your attention to the extent of this evil and then point out the remedy.

It is a physical evil. That intemperance is a physical evil is evident from the fact, that alcohol is known and acknowledged to be a strong and powerful narcotic poison, and consequently its habitual use as a beverage must have a very deleterious influence upon man's physical system. Man has no natural appetite for it either as an article of food, or as a beverage, but in every instance the appetite for it is acquired by habit.

The ingredient in fermented and distilled liquors which is the cause of intoxication, is not the product of creation. It is not to be found either in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdoms of our globe. Those substances however which contain or will produce sugar, after they are dead, and become subject to laws which operate on inanimate matter, undergo a process which chemists call fermentation; and by this process a new substance is formed: called alcohol. It is composed of hydrogen, carbon and oxygen, and is in its nature, as manifested by its effects, a powerful and diffusive poison. The elements by the combination of which this substance is formed, existed before, but the substance itself, which that combination forms, did not before exist. It is the product solely of vicious fermentation, and is as really different from what existed before in the fruits or grains as the poisonous miasma is from the vegetables from the decomposition and decay of which it springs. There is no power in man that can digest this substance so as to draw from it any nourishment for the wasting system. There is in it no element that can be transmitted into chyle, blood, flesh or bones. But it enters the system alcohol, passes through it alcohol, and is cast off alcohol, unchanged and unaltered in any of its essential elements. It has been found by Anatomists in the stomach, the heart and the brain, while fed perspiration and breath, clearly shows, that it circulates through every vein, artery, nerve and pore of the system. It diseases the stomach, liver, heart, lungs and brain, and causes gout, vertigo, ulcers, madness and death. That the use of alcohol as a beverage is a physical evil, is evident from the testimony of physicians. Seventy-five physicians in Boston have given the following testimony: "That men in health are never benefited by the use of ardent spirits, but on the contrary the use of it is the frequent cause of disease and death." Forty-five physicians in Cincinnati have stated as follows: "Ardent spirits is not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious to a healthy state of the system. It produces many and aggravates most of the diseases to which the human frame is liable. It is equally poisonous with arsenic, operating sometimes more slowly, but with equal certainty." The Massachusetts medical society states that the constant use of ardent spirits is productive of weakness and disease. The New York medical society states that the habitual use of alcoholic stimulants is productive of many diseases, and have resolved to use their influence to prevent their use. The Warrenstown medical society states that the use of ardent spirits is an alarming source of disease. To these we could add the names of the most distinguished men in medical science—such as Kirk, Dawin, Clayne and others in Europe, and Rush and Seawell and Warren and others in our own country. We receive the testimony of these men upon all other subjects connected with their profession, as unquestionable authority, and we are bound by all the laws of evidence to receive their opinions upon this subject, as authority from which there can be no appeal. But it is not mere assertion in which these men indulge. They lay open the body to our inspection, and invite us to the examination of a proposition susceptible of ocular demonstration.

Intemperance is a physical evil, because it predisposes man to disease. This is evident from the testimony of medical men. Fifteen physicians in New York, state that the habitual use of alcoholic stimulants predisposes the system to epidemic disease. Dr. L. Beldin, says, it is to be remarked among the worst class of inciting causes of epidemic, and pestilential disease. Dr. Harris states, that no fact is more evident, than that those who use spirituous liquors

freely are most exposed to epidemic disease. Dr. Trotter is of the same opinion and Dr. Murray corroborates his views. But this proposition is also evident from facts. The cholera and fever will serve as fit illustrations. In England the cholera made most appalling ravages among the ranks of the temperate. It is stated by a writer from England that in some towns, the drunkards are all dead. In China, observes Dr. Ritchie, the disease selects its victims from among such of the people as live in filth and intemperance. In Paris, not less than 30,000 individuals were destroyed by cholera, large portions of whom are said to have been temperate. In Montreal, Dr. Roberson writes: the cholera here searches out the haunt of the drunkard with unerring aim. Out of 1000 deaths in Montreal, only two, it is stated, were members of Temperance Societies. Dr. Sewell, of Washington, while on a visit to a cholera hospital in New York, writes of 204 cases in cholera hospital, there were only 6 temperate persons, and they recovered, and that only two individuals out of 5000 persons who were members of Temperance Societies, were its victims. Thus it is evident, the same preference for the temperate has characterized the cholera everywhere. Intemperance is a qualification it never overlooks. Often has it passed harmless over a wide population of temperate country people, and poured down as an overwhelming scourge upon the drunkards of some distant town.

The deleterious effects of intemperance in predisposing the system to epidemic disease is also evident in cases of fever. Dr. Rush remarks, that intemperance makes every species of inflammatory and putrid fever worse. It is said by another eminent medical man, that of all the yellow fevers that have visited the several cities in the United States, hard drinkers seldom escaped and rarely recovered from them. An aged physician of forty years extensive practice remarks: "half the men every year who die of fever might live, were they not in the habit of using ardent spirits. In the first report of the physicians fever hospital, Cork street, Dublin, it is stated that fevers are peculiarly fatal where they attack habitual dram drinkers. These facts clearly show that intemperance predisposes the system to disease.

Intemperance is a physical evil, because it is often the direct cause of death. Here again, we prefer to appeal to facts. Of 70 persons found dead, 67 according to the reports of coroners inquest, were killed by intemperance. A single coroner held inquest over 20 persons, all of whom came to their death by the use of liquor. Of 33 persons found dead in one city, 29 were killed by intemperance—of 77 found dead in different places, 67, according to the reports of coroners inquest, were brought to an untimely end by intemperance. It is also stated upon a careful investigation of the matter that at least thirty thousand persons die annually in these United States from intemperance.

It is a physical evil, because it diseases the posterity of the drunkard. Dr. Dawin thus expresses himself upon this subject. "It is remarkable, that all diseases arising from spirituous or fermented liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation." Thus it is evident, from high medical authority, that intemperance persons life at its fountain, and rolls its waters of death, on from parent to child and from generation to generation. How conclusive the evidence that it is a physical evil. But it is asked if intemperance be such a prolific cause of disease and death, why is it, that some habitual drunkards live to be such old men. To this we would reply that the solitary instances of longevity which is now and then met with in the case of hard drinkers, no more disprove the deadly effects of ardent spirits, than the solitary instances of recovery from apparent death by drowning, prove that it is not dangerous to life for a human body to be an hour or two under water; or that there is no danger in coming in contact with a contagious disease, because some persons have been known to escape, though thus exposed.

Intemperance is a mental evil. This is evident from a universal belief of its truth. No individual is willing to risk the health and life of his family, in the hands of a physician while reeling under the influence of alcoholic stimulants. Nor can you find the parent who would willingly trust the education of his children to an habitual drunkard. And the reason is apparent; all men feel assured that intemperance dethrones reason, diseases the mind and disqualifies man for transacting the business of life. In the State of New York, an habitual drunkard, in the eye of the law, is not considered capable of managing his own business, and his estate is taken out of his hands as in the case of lunatics. In the Island of Jersey, a law exists by which a parent, if an habitual drunkard, is deprived of the guardianship of his children. And there is a law in Spain, refusing to an individual convicted of habitual drunkenness, his oath in court. Thus intemperance universally admitted to be injurious to the mind.

That intemperance is a mental evil, is evident from observation. Take a man in health and give him a glass of ardent spirits. The effect is to produce derangement and false notions and conceptions. Give him another, and feels yet better. By this time he has got to feel pretty well, quite happy. He has no fear, no shame. He can curse, swear and break things. He is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils. He fears no consequences, dreads no dangers and can accomplish impossibilities. If he is a cripple, he fancies he can dance like a stayer; if he is slow and unwieldy, he can run like a Hart; if he is weak and feeble in strength, he can lift like a Sampson, and fight like an Hercules; if he is poor and penniless, he is as rich as the Rothschilds and has money to lend. Hence it is the Faro dealer treats his visitors, the Auctioneer the multitude, the Merchant his customers. Because it dethrones reason, blinds the mind, destroys the judgement causing men to feel rich when they are poor, and able to buy when they have not the means with which to pay.

Intemperance is a mental evil, because it produces insanity. A fit of intoxication is in reality an exhibition of temporary madness. Dr. Hallaran, who for upwards of twenty years attended the Cork Hospital for the reception of the insane poor, thus remarks: "So frequently do cases of furious madness present themselves arising from long continued intemperance, that there is no occasion to enquire into the cause, the aspect of the individual being sufficient to expose its well known ravages. At the Richmond Lunatic asylum, doubling the number of patients, are 286 the insanity of 115 of them is known with perfect certainty to be caused by intemperance. Out of 495 patients admitted to the lunatic asylum, Liverpool, 257 were ascertained to have come to that state through intemperance. Dr. Waters states that while he acted as house pupil and apothecary to the Pennsylvania Lunatic Hospital, one third of the cases confined with this dreadful disease was caused by intemperance. From these facts it is evident, that intemperance is the prolific cause of more than one third of the insanity in Europe and America. Nor do the spasmodic efforts of intellect made by some men while under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, any more prove that intemperance is not injurious to the mind, than the extraordinary physical efforts made by men under delirium from fever, prove that fevers are not injurious to man's physical system.

Choice Literature.

A HASTY MARRIAGE.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel, from Boston, arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well-looking young man, who acted in capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any other hand than Tudor had come on deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well-dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquired of Tudor for the Captain. She was told he had not yet arrived, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission proceeded to his berth, and, arousing him, addressed him with: "Good morning, Captain, I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you!" replied the astonished Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious character, "leave my vessel instantly if you know what is for your interest."

She then went to the Mate's berth, and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the Captain's she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and a half jocular manner. "Then, said she, 'come along with me.' Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city, many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's shop, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this; the price was paid by the lady; Tudor threw aside his old tarpauling and left the store in company with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced His Majesty the King himself. They next visited a shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

"Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged, he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered had then fairly commenced, he was determined

to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting everything to his friend and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedecked pantaloons, and chequered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked in the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as at others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or to think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was, "Follow me, and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law, to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony! This was something of a damper to Tudor, but nevertheless he tacitly yielded; the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced man and wife!

Without uttering a word or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate's, but not, however, until she had given him a sovereign for his services. The couple passed through many streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, and certainly ignorant of where he was going, or what awaited him; and of the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of a street, Tudor beheld a few rods in front of him a splendid dwelling, towards which his wife seemed to direct her footsteps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they indeed soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in the greatest magnificence. She got him a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her was her uncle, who on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was, "Uncle!"

"Thou fend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to move your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you have long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could deprive me of it through life; but I have frustrated your wicked design—I am now mistress of my own house, I was this moment married, and my husband is in the front room!"

I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A., not recollecting his actual name, and, for the same reason I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young, and before his death which took place when she was 14 or 15 years, he had the satisfaction of witnessing in her one of the most accomplished young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in bank for the benefit of his daughter, till the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was also a condition of the arrangements, that in case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A. his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family, and everything went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family the manifestations that she should never marry—the reasons for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this, to shut her up in one of the centre rooms, in the third story of the house, to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and to refuse her the com-

pany of her associates, by telling them when they called, that she was either at school, or at one of the shops on business, or had just stepped out to see a friend, or had taken a ride in the country for her health, and to see some of her relations; or by telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle wind.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut up from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant Juan, burst into tears and attempted several times to speak, but was unable to. Juan well understood these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself almost unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, Mistress, speak not; I understand all!—Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it, and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza, though unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better zest than she ever had before. Her old servants were all about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome soul inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—my own establishment—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee Juan and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy!"

It is necessary to detail all the minutia of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan, for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her descent from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosened the bars of the window the same evening the instrument for that purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle or by some of his children, and she accordingly went to work, making a rope, (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them into strips and tying the ends together. After a few hours labor she completed her rope, but, fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared to attempt a descent. But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing that she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning her fate into the hands of him who is the orphan's friend. She did make the attempt, and she was successful!—Yes she was now liberated from a prison in her own house, where, for "filthy lucre's sake," she had been confined by her own uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom. This was about daylight. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessel lay; and from that period in her life till she ushered her husband into her own house, the reader has already had an account of.

The surprised and horror stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments, after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the demand, "Leave my house in an hour, thou monster!" and then returned to her husband, where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transports of his wife, at this sudden change in their fortunes and conditions may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the faithful servants at seeing their young mistress once more at liberty—the chagrin, mortification, and decampment of the inhuman uncle and his family—the congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those staided by her and her husband—their many pleasant rides into the country, &c., &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream-colored horses, richly caparisoned, which

was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments, halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted from the box, and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments, to alight; they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the captain where he was from, how many days he was in performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for passengers, and other questions of a like nature, and receiving appropriate answers to the same, asked leave to examine the cabin, and the other accommodations of the vessel, (all the while avoiding as far as possible, the captain,) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed, that he and his lady had some thoughts of soon starting for America, and in case they concluded to do so, assured the captain they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel the gentleman turned to the captain and said:

"Capt.—(calling him by his name) before leaving your vessel, permit me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Tudor."

It was not till this moment that the captain and those around him, recognized in the elegantly dressed gentleman, their old friend and companion, Tudor the Cooper!—they supposing that some sad if not fatal accident had befallen him. I once more, leave the reader to judge of the congratulations that now followed, and of the healths that were drunk.

The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told. Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his old associates—bade them good-bye, but not, however, until he had extracted a promise from the captain and his crew to call as often as convenient upon him, before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage, and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life upon the most amicable terms, and were blessed with property, and an obedient and respectable circle of children. Some years after his marriage, he returned, accompanied by his wife, to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharves that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died, as they had lived since their union, honored and respected by all who enjoyed their acquaintance.

REV. T. P. HUNT.

The August number of Holden's Dollar Magazine contains a number of anecdotes concerning Rev. T. P. Hunt, former Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this City, since renowned as one of the greatest Temperance Lecturers of the age. We had the pleasure of shaking him by the hand at the meeting of the National Division (of which he is a member) and were glad to see him looking so well. The following startling facts concerning our own State, we give for the benefit of those concerned:

Mr. Hunt's experience in Wilmington, as he related it, was one of the most fearful things I have ever heard, and I had intended to write out the conversation from memory, when by accident I found the narrative in his own words. It occurs in the book of his books, "Death by Measure," a book worthy of being read once a year by every man who loves his fellows.

"What is the cause of all this excitement and uproar?"

"Did you ever hear the like? These temperance men will get—about them, if they do not mind."

"What have they done?"

"A foreigner has introduced a rum distillery, and is keeping an ale-house; and the temperance men say that he is making his living by ruining others. The fact is, that drunkards are dying off pretty fast and thick lately, and I don't know but what the new rum may have something to do with it. Last night somebody wrote a letter to the temperance men, stating the number of recent deaths from intemperance, and urging something to be done to save a good many more who were walking in their footsteps, and would soon die and leave their families on the public. . . . Father Jennet had better mind his preaching or his church will get burned down again. And as for that Hunt! he had better look out or he will get a leather medal (a cowhide)."

Such was the true account of the cause of a most singular excitement in Wilmington, N. C., 183-. People gathered under the Court-house, the Town-house, at the coroners', at the taverns, on the wharves, seeming as deeply interested and as highly excited as if the British were coming. Notices were posted up calling a meeting, at the foreigner's shop, on Lord's day evening, for the purpose of singing the 100th psalm, and of taking measures to give Hunt a leather medal. It was signed by "the glorious 38," the number of drunkards said to be in the town. This meeting was held on the Sabbath, nearly opposite the Presbyterian church. It is not necessary to speak of the doings of that meeting.

The next Saturday two drunkards died suddenly and were buried on Sunday. I was sent for on Friday night, in an awful storm of rain, thunder and lightning, to see one of them. I found him in awful ago-